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THE NEW PLANET.

THE newly-discovered planet, *Astræa*, is a companion of the four little ones ascertained, about forty years ago, to exist between Mars and Jupiter, all revolving at nearly equal distances from the sun. If it be no bigger than the smallest of these, it probably is not forty miles in diameter, or possessed of a surface measuring more than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Think of a tight little island in this spherical form, wheeling along in independent fashion through space, with all its proper features of vegetation and of animated being—a perfect miniature of those respectably-sized orbs of which our own is a specimen! And supposing there are men and women upon it, think of the miniatures of nations which they must compose, and of all their other social arrangements in proportion!

In that case, a piece of land the size of four or five English counties will be a goodly continent, and a mass of sea like the Firth of Forth a perfect Mediterranean. A range of hills such as those of Derbyshire will be as a set of Alps or Himalayas to the Astræans, and their Danubes and Amazons will be about the size of our best Scotch *burns*. Rutlandshire would be a large edition of the Russian empire in Astræa. The more common-sized kingdoms would be about the magnitude of our ordinary parishes. It is inconceivable, however, that the people of this little planet are split up into nations so extremely small. Let us rather suppose that they form but four or five in all, each occupying as much land as about half the Isle of Wight. Some quarter of a million in all they might be, allowing that the land in Astræa is for the most part fit to produce sustenance for human beings. Narrow as is that field of existence, and limited its population, there will no doubt be room for the display of human passions in Astræa. It will have its wars occasionally. A Frederick the Great will set all its Europe in a flame, for possession of a Silesia of the size of the Regent's Park. An Alexander, having invaded an India resembling Cornwall in extent, will sigh, and with something like reason, to think that there are no more world's to conquer. There will be class interests too. Some little Britain will make fierce resolves to raise all its own corn, under whatever difficulties, and at whatever cost; and treaties will be entered into as between Jersey and Guernsey for an exchange of wine against woollen cloths, let the rest of the forty-mile world pine at the arrangement as it pleases. Colonies, too, will not fail to raise a pother. There will be an Algiers of parish size, with an Ab-del-Kader storming for its defence; and two mighty countries, representing a Britain and an America, will spurt out big words about an Oregon of the extent and value of the Moor of Rannoch.

The Astræans, although their world is so little, will

see it to be a firm and stable thing beneath their feet, with all the other bodies of space revolving round it. If not yet arrived at the use of the telescope, and of the rules of geometry, they will believe their sphere to be the great central world, to which everything else is subordinate. But even if they have advanced as far in these matters as ourselves, they will think and speak on the understanding that *Astræa is the world*—the only place where they know for certain there are human beings—all the other spheres being only conjecturally scenes of life. Even to those most enlightened on such points, the immediateness of their own little globe will give it an importance and a centrality which they will scarcely be able to attribute to any other mass within their range of observation. There will be a great deal of self-esteem in the Astræans respecting their poor little humming-top of a world. They will look upon themselves, doubtless, as very high intelligences, and great will that man think himself who becomes known for his acts or words to one-fourth of them. He will also esteem himself a most liberal-minded and cosmopolitan person, who advocates that the five great countries should live at peace with each other, and that statesmen should legislate impartially for the good of the whole people of the globe. They will have on record their first circumnavigators and discoverers of countries; their Drakes, and Frobershers, and Columbuses; the men of giant-heart, who ventured upon untraversed seas of the width of the straits of Calais, and dared to put a girdle round a globe no less than a hundred and twenty miles in circumference. They will also have their great men of philosophy, of letters, and of arts. Would it not be curious to get a peep into one of their biographical dictionaries, and see what sort of men had been the Astræan Homer and Milton, the Astræan Socrates and Newton, the Astræan Phidias and Raphael? Their universal history would be no less amusing! What narrations of conquests pushed over the space of one of our degrees of latitude; and how interesting to trace civilisation as arising in a certain parish-like space of ground, and then spreading slowly into the adjacent parishes! Great notions entertained, too, about the origins of all those little nations; some sprung from demigods, no less. One particularly great people, convinced that they were destined to be the leading people in the world, because they were twenty thousand more in number than any other. A Napoleon in Astræa—what a droll phenomenon! Think of him setting out with the idea that his country—in Belle something—measuring about ten miles each way, was destined to predominate over the world. And behold him then overrunning his little Italy, Austria, Prussia, in succession, and thinking he had it all safe. But behold, he is at length led by constant success into an enterprise where nature happens to be against him, and he sinks more rapidly than he rose. Then histories,

poems about him, wondering at the vastness of a genius which grasped at a dominion embracing perhaps as much ground as belonged to the king of the East Saxons. Depositions for so great a spirit, pining like the chained eagle on an islet, wretched as a toy-disappointed child, because he could not be allowed any longer to play the conqueror! He left a name at which the world grew pale—this forty-mile world, to wit—to point a moral and adorn a tale. And yet this, however whimsical it may look from our eight-thousand-mile globe, would undoubtedly be very serious to the Astræans. For just as Astræa is to us, so is the earth to a planet like Jupiter or Saturn, where men may be speculating about our Tellurian history exactly in the present strain, although, as is well known, we regard our Napoleon as something very tremendous.

It is possible, after all, that the Astræans have a more just view of themselves and their world in comparison with other worlds and other peoples. They may be, perchance, a more modest example of human nature than their earthly brethren; and it may have therefore happened that when they first learned, from their Copernicuses, Newtons, and Herschels, how matters really stood in the universe, that they felt extremely abashed and disheartened about it. Let us for a moment imagine them in their state of original ignorance, fully persuaded that Astræa was the Mundus or world, and that all the luminous bodies which, like us, they see in the sky, were merely a drapery hung up for the regalement of their eyesight. What a mighty thing Astræa is, and what a grand set of beings are the Astræans! A sun to give us warmth and vegetation. Stars to begem our nightly view. Sister Pallas, or Vesta, occasionally sailing pretty close by, about the size of a moon, as if by way of a holiday spectacle. Everything very nice and complete about us. But lo! astronomy begins to tell strange tales. It now appears that there are co-ordinate bodies called planets, probably inhabited as well as ours, and of infinitely larger size. The stars, moreover, are suns, having other planets in attendance upon them, and these probably residences for human beings too. All at once, Astræa shrinks from its position as the centre and principal mass of the universe, into the predicament of a paltry atom, hung loosely on to a machine whose centre is far otherwise. And the Astræans—the People of the World—the Metropolitans of Space—are degraded in a moment into a set of villagers. What a fall is there, my countrymen, for a respectable set of worlders, who happened not to possess sufficient self-esteem to bear them up against it! What an overturn to all the ordinary ideas of Astræan mankind! One can imagine the fact making its way over such a baby globe in the course of a couple of days, and thus producing a universal hanging down of heads and thrusting of tails between legs, as it were simultaneously. What a sad state for a world to be in—not a bit of spirit or spunk remaining in it; not one Astræan fit to say a cheering word to another! In such a state of things, one can imagine hardly a word of any kind spoken in Astræa for a week. It would look as if the planet were never to get up its head again in life. There would, however, be varieties in the moods of Astræans on this distressing subject. Some, a little more vapouring than the rest, would by and by suggest that no matter for the small size of the globe; the smaller the globe, the bigger the people, for, gravitation being less with it than in larger worlds, we require larger size to keep us fast to the ground. Let neighbour Jupiter, then, plant himself on his vast

diameter, but his people must be pigmies in comparison with us. The malicious, again, would feel a consolation in the idea, that there was at least one planet no larger than Astræa. It is always a great matter to have associates in any misfortune or degradation that befalls us. Come along, then, friend Pallas, you and we against any of these lumbering worlds. Huzza for the tight, light, nice, trim, little planets! In time, the first feelings of humiliation would wear off, and perhaps the Astræans would at last come to look upon their world as not so bad after all. Well, if we are only a kind of village in the solar system, why, let us just make the best of it, and endeavour to be content.

Another view occurs respecting Astræa, that, if it have advanced in the arts conducive to locomotion, and spins at anything like an average rate of speed upon its axis, it may be quite possible to go round it in a single day, and thus enjoy either perpetual noon, or perpetual midnight, or perpetual dawn or sunset, as taste may dictate. And not only this, but if there should be any violent discrepancy of seasons in the little globe, it will only be like going down into Hampshire to move from the winter to the summer hemisphere, and thus realise all the advantages which the migratory birds possess in our sphere. One can imagine an Astræan of the upper classes having one house in the north temperate zone, and another in the south, and dividing his year of fifty months between them, so as to dispense with coal-fires and paletots continually. The poet will not therefore need to say to the cuckoo, Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee—we'd make with joyful wing, our annual visit round the globe, companions of the spring; for at the proper season he will find railways advertising cheap trains to accomplish the same purpose. The convenience of all this must be very great, and for those having money and leisure, existence in Astræa will, we take it, be rather pleasant. Even in the power of saying—Taking a trip round the world the other day, I met with a strange adventure about the hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, &c. there will be a happy piquancy. What snobs they will be who have not been at least once round the world in Astræa!

Spin on, then, trig little ultra-zodiacal—last, but perhaps not quite least, addition to the solar family. We of the Earth, Astræa, are glad to make your acquaintance, and see you amongst us. We cannot, in sober truth, flatter you with the idea that we consider you altogether on an equality with us, for, overlooking your diminutive proportions, there are strong suspicions of your being only a bit of a planet, a shred of some respectable mass that blew to pieces one day. However, we are very glad to think that you and your sister fragments have all got round again, and found yourselves able to go on as before in the business of perihelion revolution. If we cannot preach in the kirk, you know, we may sing mass in the quier: better a wee buss, say we in Scotland, than nae bield. And you, Astræans, we would recommend you, if you be at all in comfortable circumstances, not to be jealous or invidious of the people of the larger planets; for, if we on earth be any fair specimen of them, we can assure you there is nothing in the solar system for you to be envious about. Things are but in a so-so state amongst earthly mankind—three-fourths of them mere barbarians; and even amongst the civilised nations, a vast proportion know life but as a scene of toil and misery! To let you into a little secret, man is a selfish being, who frustrates his happiness by his very eagerness for his own benefit. There has therefore never been such a thing as real happiness known upon Tellus, grand as it may appear to you, even without the aid of a telescope. We only hope that matters will, by and by, be more agreeable, and that our remote descendants will have less occasion for grumbling. Tom Thumb of worlds, who can tell but you know all this, and, contented with your own small field of existence, look down with pity on us wretched earthlings! Well for you to be in such a frame of mind. But in that case,

we wrap ourselves up in our pride, and, sternly hushing our misery in our bosoms, bid you go by, and think not of us. While we have strength to bear, who can have any right to visit us with compassion?

A RUN THROUGH EGYPT IN 1842.

EVERYTHING appertaining to a country so intimately associated with the history and progress of mankind as Egypt, must be ever fresh and attractive. The learned find no termination to their research; the ordinary reader no limit to his curiosity and wonder. It is for this reason that we turn to notes of a journey from Alexandria to Cairo, the Pyramids, and the Red Sea, performed in the summer of 1842, by the Rev. G. Fisk, then on his way to Jerusalem and other principal localities of the Holy Land.*

The reverend gentleman's outward route lay through France and Italy; from Naples he steamed to Alexandria, in company with 'a motley group of English, French, Italians, and Greeks, a considerable allowance of priests, a Franciscan monk, and four sisters of charity.' After a somewhat trying passage, the steamer dropped anchor in the bay of Alexandria on the 25th of April; boats in great numbers were quickly around her; and our traveller and party taking possession of one, cleared off with all possible celerity. 'We had then a distance of nearly two miles ere we could get on shore; and when we fairly came to land, what a picture was presented! The oriental appearance of the city and of its population spoke for itself at once; and we felt that an African climate was about us. Throngs of half-naked Arabs, clamorous for employment as porters, stood around. The harsh guttural of the Arabic tongue sounded strangely in our ears. Asses, some saddled for riding, and others prepared to carry baggage, together with guides and servants proffering their services, all pressed upon us together, as we first set our feet on the shores of Egypt; while, somewhat in the background, a long string of camels, laden with timber, stones for building, and water-skins, passed along, with their slow, dreamy, yet majestic step; and here and there the "feathery palm-trees" waved gracefully in the slightly moving breeze which swept over them from the desert. It would have amused our friends in England could they but have seen us on our arrival, with our baggage laid upon asses, guided by attendant Arab men and boys—a troop of them, all jealous of each other on account of the few piastres which were to be the price of the accommodation; the selected ones exulting, the rejected ones growling and fuming—and all going in uproarious procession through the narrow and squalid-looking streets and avenues of the Arab quarter, amidst crowds of the most picturesque figures that can be conceived—some gravely and silently smoking their long pipes—some squatting on the dust in the shade of the low mud-walled dwellings, in earnest conversation—some playing at games, and others carrying on their heads and crying various articles of small merchandise. Women were seen bearing their half-naked babes astride on their shoulders, and others riding on donkeys, which are the "hackney coaches" of Alexandria. Winding our way slowly through the overhung and confined streets, with a sense of entire novelty and strangeness, we reached at length the European Hotel, rejoicing at finding ourselves once more in a condition to enjoy rest and repose.'

While in Alexandria, the party saw much to interest them—nothing more so than the bustle and heterogeneity of the bazaars. These 'present every article of convenience suitable to oriental notions; and indeed at Alexandria, most European wants may be well enough supplied. Bazaars for the sale of tobacco of various kinds, and in various forms for consumption, are found

in all directions; and the smell of tobacco-smoke is the most familiar odour of the place. Everybody smokes, and at every hour of the day. The whole front of the bazaars is open, and has a floor raised about two or three feet above the level of the street. It is furnished with carpets, and sometimes with cushions in the form of a dewan; and on these the purchaser is not unfrequently seated, while selecting the articles he wants, and agreeing—or rather disagreeing and haggling about the price; for every one who purchases at a Turkish or Arab bazaar must make up his mind to this, unless he would pay double the value of all he needs. The Arab traders are a stirring, active people—on the look out for customers, and prompt in attending to them. It is the reverse with the Turks. They will suffer you to stand and look about, and handle the various goods within reach, without rising from their usually recumbent posture, or putting their long pipes from their mouths. When you go so far as to express any particular want, they will slowly and almost unwillingly break in upon the half repose which they are enjoying, and place before you the required articles, apparently careless whether you purchase or not.'

According to Mr Fisk, a spirit of improvement manifests itself in the external aspect of Alexandria: from the bay to the citadel, and thence throughout the public works, there are proofs of growing importance, to be attributed solely to the enterprise of the present pasha. The great admixture of Europeans with the native population deprives the city of much of its oriental peculiarity; and in this respect it reminds the traveller of Malta or some other semi-Anglicised city. Though living under a purely despotic government, the people appear cheerful and happy; 'and certainly,' continues our author, 'I have never seen in Egypt such instances of squalid misery and mendicancy as I met with in Italy wherever I went.'

Leaving Alexandria on the 29th of April, the party proceeded to Cairo by drag-boat along the Mahmoudi canal as far as Atfeh, and thence up the Nile. Their passage—in these days of railways and steam-tugs, and much talk about Red Sea and Mediterranean connexion—appears to have been a very rude and primitive affair. 'All our progress along the canal was effected by towing—for which purpose sometimes four, and at others six horses were employed, and changed about every twelve miles. The horses were ridden by wild half-naked Arabs, and sometimes Nubians, whose feats of horsemanship on the banks of the canal were perfectly novel and amusing. When dashing along at a rapid rate, they set up a wild shout, which breaks at length into a choral song, anything but harmonious to European ears. In some parts of the canal the water is exceedingly scanty, and, on other accounts also, impracticable for the ordinary plan of towing with horses on the banks. This inconvenience is constantly met by the riders springing from their horses, dashing at once into the water, tackling themselves with ropes, and swimming sometimes, and at other times rushing over the shoals of sand, and dragging the boat along with surprising force and agility. In this picturesque operation they are joined by the crew; while the un-yoked horses are led on to resume their labour as soon as the state of the river will admit. This curious scene we repeatedly witnessed in our passage along the canal and up the Nile.'

When about half way to Atfeh, news was brought that Mehemet Ali was descending by the same route to his maritime capital; and so every one on board was on the *qui vive* to get a glimpse of the great man—the regenerator of Egypt. This fortunate juncture was not, however, without some little mishaps to detract from its pleasure; for the pasha pressed the boat and men into his service, and left our travellers to shift as they best could—an incident highly characteristic of the man and of a despotic country. However, 'we had a full view of Mehemet Ali as he sat at dinner, and while he was enjoying his chibouk, attended by his

* A Pastor's Memorial of Egypt, the Red Sea, the Wildernesses of Sin and Paran, Mount Sinai, Jerusalem, and other Principal Localities of the Holy Land. London: Seeley and Co. 1845.

retinue; and afterwards, when he came from the farmhouse on the river's bank where he was resting, and mounted his white mule, for the purpose of taking possession of our boat, we were enabled to form a tolerably accurate notion of his person. He is a most remarkable man, and realised all we had heard about him. He is now past seventy, with a hale, firm, and determined countenance, and venerable white beard. Seeing two Europeans near him, as he hastily passed by, he glanced a very peculiar but not unfriendly glance upon us; acknowledged slightly our bows, made some passing observations to his nearest attendants, with an evident reference to us, and in another minute was mounted on his mule. His highness's pipe-bearer and coffee-bearer, his silver washhand basin and towel-bearer, secretary, and interpreter, all were in immediate attendance upon him. The scene was very interesting and very oriental. Here was perhaps almost the wonder of the age—the soldier of fortune, who had risen from the humblest rank in the Turkish army—now the powerful despot of Egypt, with almost patriarchal simplicity taking his homely mid-day meal at a small farm-house, and departing, as ancient despots used, surrounded by slaves, camels, dromedaries, &c. &c.' Mr Fisk declares he will not easily lose the impression made on his mind by this glance at Egypt's pasha; every Englishman who has seen him declares the same. Cromwell, Napoleon, Bernadotte, and others who have stepped from obscurity to thrones, are scarcely his counterparts. There are specialities in his case that leave him alone; and though one cannot offer a justification of some of the means whereby he works out his policy, yet it must be allowed that much has been done well.

Having arrived at Cairo, the first thing that arrests attention is the apparent redundancy of the population. 'It is estimated at about two hundred and twenty thousand, including Copts, Jews, Turks, and Egyptian Moslems. The streets of the city are for the most part exceedingly narrow, particularly those which are occupied by bazaars; where the mingled odour of fruits, tobacco, and various other articles of merchandise is anything but grateful. It requires great tact and heedfulness to make way in the streets, especially if on foot. The very easiest thing imaginable is to get one's toes crushed by the foot of a barb, or to be scamped over by donkeys in full canter, urged on by their shouting drivers; or quietly walked down by a camel, with his dreamy step and his nose in the air. Everybody seems to be in everybody's way; and yet all escape wonderfully. In Cairo, as in all other oriental towns, multitudes of wolf-like dogs lie about the streets—not only in safe corners, but in the most frequented ways; and it is a matter of the greatest difficulty to arouse them from their half repose. At night their howling and barking is quite distressing, and effectually banishes sleep from all who have the least tendency to be wakeful.'

The appearance of the town, however, is on the whole one of comfort. 'It has the air of a primitive place, both in regard to its architecture and its inhabitants. The upper storeys of the houses project so much that the occupiers might almost step from one to the other. But then this helps to keep the streets cool by shutting out the intense heat of the vertical sun. Though crowded by an incessantly moving population, the streets seldom have the feel of suffocating heat. The windows of the houses have, for the most part, no glass, but consist of wooden lattice-work, often richly carved and ornamented, projecting somewhat like small oriel windows in Gothic architecture. This, too, gives a complete idea of coolness and comfort. The houses themselves are chiefly Saracenic, built of very solid masonry, in large massive blocks of stone; and often the doors, or main entrances, are much enriched with carved work. The principal houses are quadrangular; and a spacious court, open at the top, affords communication to every part of the habitation.'

Among the novelties of Cairo visited by our traveller,

were the gardens of Ibrahim Pasha, the son and successor of Mehemet Ali. These occupy a considerable part of Rhoda Island; and at the time of Mr Fisk's visit were all life and animation, in consequence of some festal season, during which they are regularly thrown open to the public. 'A vast assemblage of people of all classes were thronging about—some in parties seated in circles under the shade of spreading trees, laughing, jesting—smoking; while others were pacing along in slow and stately march, from avenue to avenue, in all the glitter and colour of orientalism. The greatest decorum prevailed; and it was pleasant to see that neither leaf nor flower suffered violence at the hands of the numerous visitors. The gardens are very extensive, and are laid out partly in European and partly in oriental taste; and irrigation is carefully provided for by the digging of small canals or trenches, which are kept well supplied with water. The trees, of various kinds—some native and others foreign—appeared to thrive remarkably well. The pomegranates were full of their richly-tinted blossoms. The roses, among which there was but little variety, were mostly fading away, having already enjoyed their blossoming time. The climate was delightful, and added much to the charm of a scene so novel and picturesque.' On another occasion the party visited the palace and gardens of Mehemet at Shubra. 'These are beautiful of their kind, and more trim and formal than those of Ibrahim Pasha at Rhoda. Straight lines prevail very much, and the paths are in many places paved with variegated pebbles. Lemon, apricot, and other trees abounded, bearing fruit abundantly; while roses, jessamine, and various beautiful flowers, lent their aid to complete the effect. We could not obtain admission to the whole of the palace, but had the honour of seating ourselves on the pasha's dewan, in one of his chambers of audience. The palace gives but little idea of oriental splendour; and so far as we saw of it, was fitted up in the poorest style of tawdry French decoration.'

After visiting the slave bazaar, that moral plague-spot in all Mahomedan cities; enjoying the luxury of an oriental bath, with all its delicious appliances; and surveying the vastitude and grandeur of the Pyramids, our travellers made preparation for their journey through the desert to Sinai, Edom, and Palestine. For this purpose an escort of trusty Bedouin Arabs was engaged, and the other preparations made with all possible alacrity. Mr Fisk devotes a special page to those preliminaries, on the ground that former travellers have been but scanty in their information on such matters, and in the belief that what he mentions will be useful to others who may be meditating such a tour. 'Our provisions,' says he, 'consisted of casks of biscuit, rice, macaroni, vermicelli, pasta, dried fruits, coffee, and tobacco for the Arabs in abundance; a canteen with plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking vessels; a coffee pot, charcoal for cooking, block-tin basins for washing, a large supply of well-seasoned skins for water (new ones being objectionable on account of the rancid taste they are apt to impart to the water), Arab umbrellas, rudely made of green and white cotton stuff, to protect the face against the sun; porous water-bottles made of baked earth, to be slung at the saddle, which, by evaporation, keep the water comparatively cool for immediate use; a firm well-constructed tent for ourselves, and another for our servants, with camp stools and a table made to fold up with the tent; segaddehs or prayer-carpets used by the Musselmans—to form part of our beds by night and saddles by day; mattresses and light coverlets, and nicely-constructed framework, made of split branches of the palm-tree, to protect our bedding from damp and vermin; Arab lamps, to be suspended in the tents at night, and a good store of wax candles and oil; pistols, sabres, ammunition, and Arab attire, which our friends in Alexandria and Cairo advised us to assume. The costume which I wore was that of a Khawaga, or merchant of Cairo, consisting of white linen trousers of very spacious dimensions, yellow mo-

rocco slippers next my feet, and scarlet ones over them; a cassock of rich crimson and yellow Damascus stuff, bound round the waist with a long silk scarf of variegated colours, and over it a flowing robe of olive-coloured cloth; a white turban and tarbouch, or crimson-felt skull-cap, with a close linen cap within it—affording the most comfortable dress for the head (which was shaved according to the oriental custom), and protecting very effectually against the intense heat of the sun.

In this style, and with such a cavalcade, our traveller left Cairo on the 10th of May, and on the evening of the fourth day after, reached the miserable little port of Suez. Of this meeting-point to many routes, Mr Fisk speaks in the following terms:—"On passing the gates, you enter an irregular kind of square; on the left you catch a view of the sea, with a small dockyard, in which small craft are built; on the right are a few poor and squalid-looking buildings and a khan. Beyond the square is a long principal street, leading to the governor's residence; and to the right are the bazaars, in which are assembled all varieties of the oriental family—meeting as in a point, from which diverge many of the Asiatic and African routes. From Suez guides and escorts are easily obtainable to facilitate journeys in all directions. With the exception of the residences of the governor and a few principal inhabitants, the houses are mean habitations, and chiefly built of bricks formed of mud, and baked or dried in the sun. While passing along among some of these, to mark the domestic habits of the people, I saw a small school with about a dozen or fourteen children, who were studying with all their might, and with no small sound, the Arabic alphabet, written on large boards, set up before them, or held in the hand; while the tutor, squatting on the floor, and enveloped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, looked on in silent satisfaction." Our author looks hopefully, however, towards the future. "The overland route to India will, if perpetuated, effect great changes in the general character of Suez. The free and frequent admixture of Europeans with orientals cannot long continue without resulting in local modifications. The oriental character and habit will doubtless stand long against serious innovation of any kind; but a new spirit of enterprise will, in all probability, be traced by and by in the minds of those with whom Suez is a place of permanent residence. Already there are indications of progressive change; European habits and customs are becoming prevalent; and European establishments are springing up in the various forms of mercantile speculativeness."

After one night in Suez the party passed over to the Asiatic side—their future journeyings being amid the scenes of biblical history and prophecy.

'MY ESCAPE FROM VIGO PRISON.'

BY THE ENGLISH CARLIST.

DURING the perilous services in Spain and Portugal of the individual whose vigilance deceived the French police,* he met with many adventures, which, if collected, would make perhaps one of the most singular records of modern times. Don Guilelmo, as he was familiarly called while in these dangerous services, is not a man, however, at all desirous of notoriety, and it is only when his friends get him in a talkative humour, that one of his many reminiscences comes to light. We generally are the depository of his secrets of this nature, though it can scarcely be said we keep them over-faithfully; the only restriction our adventurer lays us under being, that we mention no names. To this we agree, as far as necessary, and then we receive full permission to make what use we think proper of the facts. A few weeks ago, we breakfasted with the English Car-

list, when, always anxious to collect information, we pressed him to tell us another of his adventures. Our good-natured friend assented, and, filling himself an ample cup of coffee, narrated nearly as follows this tale of his imprisonment at Vigo:—

"It is of little consequence how, but during the war it happened that I had charge of a schooner, with instructions to run her into the first private bay in the neighbourhood of Vigo with which I might fall in. I was by no means to enter any harbour, where it was probable other vessels might be found; and, moreover, was desired to take the night-time to effect my landing. These precautions would scarcely have been necessary had my cargo been broad cloth, or any other article of English manufacture connected with the exterior or interior wants of man. When, however, I state that my schooner contained sundry boxes of silver money, and a goodly supply of arms and ammunition, and that these were not the property of the recognised and constituted authorities, it will readily be understood why I sought darkness and privacy. The task was the most difficult I was ever appointed to, and, save the siege of Oporto, in which you know I figured, caused me much suffering. After running off and on for several days, I at length determined to make for a little nameless bay which I had been for some time looking out for, and there disburden myself of my dangerous charge. I had selected a foggy and murky day for this enterprise, as I feared the vigilance of the *guarda-costas*; and, under cover of this veil, approached the land about three in the afternoon. We were sailing on a wind with our larboard tacks on board, a sharp look out being kept for the first glimpse of land, when a sailor in the square-sail yard cried, "Sail, ho!" "Where away?" cried I eagerly. "On the weather bow." I seized hold of the main rigging, and swung myself on the lee bulwarks, and there to windward, not four hundred yards distant, was a brig bearing down upon us under a crowd of sail. A gun at this moment was fired as a signal for us to heave to; an order I felt compelled to obey, though with a heavy heart. The necessary orders were given, and before long, the two vessels were lying side by side on the water, while a boat filled with armed men put off from the brig to us. They boarded us, and as a very slight examination satisfied them as to the schooner's character, we were all declared prisoners, and I being unfortunately the individual in command, was transferred to the brig, which, having accomplished the duty for which it was sent out, at once returned to Vigo.

"The brig came to an anchor in the night, which was pitchy dark; but, without any ceremony, I and my crew were at once taken ashore, and, under a heavy guard, hurried through the streets. The gloom was too great for me to distinguish anything, and we were, moreover, so closely surrounded by armed ragamuffins, that nothing but the tops of the houses could be made out. At length we halted in a large square, before a gloomy pile that rose darkly against the sky; a bell was rung, a few words were exchanged with a gruff voice within, and then a door opened. I started back as the light of a torch fell full upon my face, but instantly recovering, followed my conductors with a firm step. Leading the way through a long dark passage, the jailer thrust me and my comrade, Baron M—, a Frenchman associated in the undertaking, into a cell which was already tenanted, as we could see by the dim light of the torch. For some minutes after we were left alone; neither spoke; and then the Frenchman began to deplore his fate, and curse the day when he associated himself with a cause that bore such disagreeable results. I replied; and our conversation was carried on some time without interruption. "Well, cavaliers," at length exclaimed our companion in duress, "you have talked long enough in a jargon I don't understand. Do you speak mine?" I intimated that I did, and he then

* See Journal, new series, No. 96.—'Adventure of an English Carlist.'

asked if we had any objection to a light. Though wondering much at the question, neither of us hesitated to acquiesce, and we were very soon cheered by the presence of an oil lamp, which the stranger lit by means of a pocket flint and steel. As soon as the light fell full upon my face and on that of my new acquaintance, we mutually started. "Don Guilelmo," said he; "Juan Castro," exclaimed I. It was Juan Castro, the noted smuggler or *contrabandista*, but better known as the most efficient spy in our service. Surprised at this meeting, explanations followed, which soon proved that both had been equally unfortunate, and on the same occasion. He had been looking out for the schooner ashore, with his band, while I was engaged in endeavouring to run her into harbour. The treachery which must have betrayed me, had doubtless served him the same good turn. "I know my fate," said he gaily; "a priest and a file of soldiers in the market-place." "You seem to treat it lightly," observed I, who had little reason to expect much better myself. "Because," he added more gravely, "I do not mean them to have their will. I mean to escape, and you, sirs, may escape with me if you will, as in these times it may stand but ill with yourselves." I looked round my dungeon doubtfully ere I replied. It was a solid stone fabric, with a large iron grating opening on the corridor, promising but few facilities for an evasion. My looks expressed as much. "I see, signor, you doubt my ability to get out of the clutches of the enemy; but trust me, and all shall be well. I am not without friends in Vigo, and my daughter Maria is as such winning ways with her, they never search her basket. She will be here at dawn and at sun-set; and if we don't escape to-morrow night, my name is not Juan, that's all." Exhilarated by this prospect, I explained all to the baron, who brightened up, and, with the peculiar light-heartedness of his countrymen, accepted the *contrabandista's* proffered wine and other refreshments, and did justice to them too. As for me, I am a cosmopolite, and in all countries adapt myself to the people. In Rome I do as Rome does, and in Peru I am a Peruvian. We feasted accordingly, and then lay down upon our straw to seek rest and refreshment.

"I woke only as a merry and rich voice was heard carolling a patriotic stave at the other end of the long passage. "My daughter," said Castro with a tone of pride. "It is not every *contrabandista* can boast such a one as Maria." I agreed with him in this particular, and rising, advanced with the hardy smuggler to welcome the girl. She was one of the usual dark-eyed beauties of her native country, in the picturesque costume of a peasant girl, while on her arm was a basket covered with a cloth, which the jailer, who followed her, eyed with somewhat of a suspicious air. "Well, father," said Maria gaily, "I wish you would teach your keepers manners. Here is a great fellow wants to pull your breakfast about, as if it were not hot and nice, and none the better for being exposed to the air." "Nonsense! José is only joking with you," replied the smuggler, with a self-possession which excited our admiration to no small degree; "but I am hungry, so hand hither the basket, and take this empty one. And harkee, girl; this evening bring two more of the same, for I have a couple of friends here, good Carlitas as any, and I would fain regale them ere I take my long journey." José turned his back with a half-satisfied grunt, suffering his eye to rest admiringly on the girl's face for a moment. Maria's really beautiful countenance determined him, especially as she gave him an exquisite smile. Juan in a hurried whisper explained his meaning, and, to prevent suspicion, Maria departed immediately. "Thank Heaven!" muttered the smuggler, drawing a long and satisfied breath, "I am now safe." We asked an explanation, which was offered by his uncovering the basket, and exhibiting, under his food, a pair of pistols and ammunition. We now understood what "two more of the same" meant, and began to see a prospect of escape. The pistols were hastily concealed beneath the

straw; and ere José returned with our scanty and coarse repast, the *contrabandista* was coolly enjoying his, in which the jailer joined him by invitation, drinking with much zest the excellent wine that Maria had provided for her father.

"When again left alone, we conversed in low tones, to pass the time; but in vain; the hours hung like lead upon our hands. None of us felt as yet certain of the result of our daring experiment until Maria should again visit us. Besides, we might be separated. I and the baron expected every moment to be dragged before a military tribunal, and to have a summary sentence pronounced on us, as had been the lot of Juan Castro. But we omitted at first to recollect that it was Sunday, and that our captors were doubtless too much engaged in enjoying themselves, and making much of their victory, even to think of us. Still, we felt an anxious beating of the heart, that no reflections could allay; while I prepared, at the worst, to assert my prerogative as an Englishman, and to claim fair trial by a civil tribunal. At length evening drew near, and with it the hour of Maria's return. She came. We listened with intense interest. She passed the outer gate, and again, accompanied by José, came up the passage. "That was famous good wine of yours this morning," said the jailer, "and I fancy I must try a little of it this evening." "Very good," responded the smuggler, taking the basket and handing it to me. "Take out the bottles, signor, and then we can treat our worthy jailer properly." While Juan detained the man by this manoeuvre, I removed the pistols from the basket.

"What does that girl there, and what has she in that basket?" exclaimed a new voice, that of the head jailer. "It is the daughter of Juan Castro, and the basket contains wine and food which she bears to him. He is to die to-morrow, and I thought no harm in letting him have whatever he wanted." "Be off, girl, and let me see you here no more," cried the brutal jailer; "and you, José, just come inside and overhaul this basket, which contains, I warrant me, something besides wine." "Files perhaps," said Juan sneeringly; and then he added, in a whisper, "Be ready; our time has come, though sooner than I expected." The jailers entered, and started back: three brace of pistols, loaded and cocked, were at their heads. "Keep watch while I bind," said Juan; and tearing off some of his own and our clothing, he soon secured the astonished guardians, effectually stopping their mouths with straw and a gag. A sharp knife, glistening before their eyes, kept both quiet. "Now, my worthies," said Juan—who, having been more than once in a similar position, treated the danger very cavalierly—"I will thank you for that big key; and now, goodbye. José, I leave you the eatables; the wine is too good to be spared. Now, gentlemen, if you please;" and in an instant we were hurrying along the prison passage. "Can we not free my men?" I muttered. "Certainly," said Juan, halting at another door, and applying one of the keys he had deprived the jailer of; "Vigo prison can spare them as well as us." He was mistaken, however: the cell was empty; and, as I afterwards found, they had all taken service with their captors, and at once obtained their freedom.

No more time was lost, and the hall was gained. It was deserted. Vigo prison was confided—so poor were the authorities—to the care of the two men we had succeeded in overpowering. It took but a few minutes to open the great gate, and we stood in the open air. We followed the smuggler, as the only man well acquainted with the localities. Hurrying down the left side of the square, Juan Castro entered the street of La Baca, at the end of which was a lane. Turning short before this, we halted at the door of a tavern. We entered without hesitation, and being evidently expected, a cheerful meal in the kitchen awaited us. Maria was there too, no longer the gay singing girl of the prison, but with intense anxiety painted in every lineament of her countenance. "And now, gentlemen," said the smuggler, seat-

ing himself, and motioning us to follow his example, "what are your intentions as soon as you have refreshed yourselves?" "To gain our camp in the hills," I replied; while the Frenchman seemed already disgusted with the cause. As, however, in Vigo his life was in extreme danger, there was little choice in the matter. I may as well, however, here remark, that it was the baron's first and last effort in the cause, and that at the first convenient opportunity he returned to France, and foreswore all foreign campaigns for the future. I believe you think that perhaps I had been more wise had I done the same. Perhaps so; but to my story.

'In half an hour we were mounted on mules; and having once succeeded in leaving Vigo, it will readily be believed we did not allow the grass to grow beneath our feet. About midnight we reached a road-side inn, where we halted, and where, to our surprise and vexation, we found half a dozen soldiers of the other party. Presenting, however, a determined air, we were not molested, even Maria being allowed to seat herself unmolested. We made no stay, however, and after a short half hour of repose, were again on our way. The next morning brought us to a halting-place in safety, and then, and only then, did we enjoy repose and sleep. Next day I made a report to the king, and failed not, as times went, to reward the services of the contrabandists and his daughter. Such is the history of my acquaintance with the prison of Vigo, the only one I hope it may be my lot to make.'

I thanked my adventurous friend, who, changing the subject, told me of other passages in his life equally curious, and which may perhaps one day find their way into these pages.

SAMPSON ON HOMŒOPATHY.*

THIS is the most plausible treatise on Homœopathy which we have perused. The author, already known to the public by a work inculcating humane views of criminal jurisprudence, places the subject in a clear and interesting light, and writes with an earnestness worthy of a true and good cause. We take up the book, as affording us an opportunity of placing a companion portraiture of this new medical doctrine by the side of that which we lately gave of Hydropathy, or the Water Cure.† The readers will of course bear in mind that what they read is the pleading of an advocate, though, we thoroughly believe, an honest and disinterested one.

The first chapter is devoted to a view of the ordinary system of medicine, respecting which it quotes the language of practitioners of high character, admitting it to be a science which 'abounds in contradictory facts and loose speculations.' Condensed extracts are given from Dr Craigie's *Elements of the Practice of Physic*, which, if truly presented, would seem to show all to be uncertainty in ordinary practice in the diseases ague, fevers of various kinds, erysipelas, leprosy, ringworm, small-pox, ulcerous sore throat, croup, catarrh, gastric inflammation, dysentery, delirium tremens, hydrocephalus, paralysis, quinsy, asthma, epilepsy, and many others. Thus it appears, thinks our author, that the success of the present system is not such as to warrant us in refusing an examination of one resting on different principles. He further presents quotations of a similar kind, taking away almost all faith in blood-letting and mercury, which have usually been regarded as the most unchallengeable of all remedial agents. From the evidence adduced, he considers himself entitled to infer, 'that, from a resort to medical aid, one of the three following circumstances will in a majority of cases take place:—namely, a complete or partial cure, with the drawback of some after-suffering from the remedies employed; a

failure of the remedies, so as to leave the disease untouched, with the addition, at the same time, of evil consequences from the natural action of those remedies; or, finally, such a disturbance of the system and weakening of the vital power as shall rapidly accelerate a fatal termination. Under the most favourable conditions, therefore, we have no promise of deriving a simple and unquestionable benefit. In the best case we can look but for an exchange of ills, however much in some instances that exchange may be in our favour; while under the two last suppositions, the prospect is one of little else than unmitigated injury.'

After insisting a little more upon the unsatisfactory results of the present system, shown so distressingly in the vast amount of premature mortality, Mr Sampson presses the demand for a new and more certain method upon the public at large. He speaks of 'that large class of superficial persons who, while they feel themselves both unwilling and incompetent to examine evidence on scientific points, are nevertheless apt, for the sake of popularity, to echo, as if from their own deliberate opinion, the prejudices of others, and thus to indispose persons over whom they possess influence—for the very weak find some still weaker to look up to them—from paying attention to the subject. The temptation of keeping on the safe side, by refusing to recognise, or even to examine, a new doctrine until the majority have come over to it, is irresistible to those who do not feel sufficient power to stand alone; and in yielding to the impulse, they incur no other charge than that of weakness. But when such persons cease to confine themselves to a mere reserve of judgment, and flippantly repeat as original, or quote with approbation, the contemptuous remarks of a third party, it would be well, on all occasions, that they should be visited with reproof. If they feel themselves competent to examine the evidence in relation to it, it is their duty to do so, and not to give an opinion until the task be completed; and if they do not feel thus competent, they certainly cannot be fit to judge of the competency of those whose sentiments they echo, since it is much easier to decide upon a plain statement of facts, than upon the existence of those intellectual and moral qualities which must be possessed by another, to justify us in adopting his judgment as our own.'

Homœopathy comes forward as a medical method founded on one law affecting our bodily constitution. It considers the symptoms of a disease, not as a part of the disease itself, but as the effects of an effort of nature to throw off or rid herself of the disease. It is held, accordingly, to be the first object of a physician to favour and aid nature in this effort. For this purpose, his applications ought to be of a kind which have been found to produce diseases analogous to that under which the patient labours. What first suggested the idea to Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, was an experiment he tried with Peruvian bark, which he found to produce all the symptoms of the disorder for which it had been celebrated as a remedy; namely, intermittent fever. 'From the results of patient experiments, undertaken by himself and some devoted friends, and carefully conducted through a long series of years, the peculiarity which had been discovered to attach to the operation of quinine, of producing symptoms analogous to those of the disease for which it is a remedy, was found to attach also (as far as these experiments went) to every other medicine; and thus a mass of evidence was collected, sufficient, in the absence of opposing facts, to lead to a conviction that the property thus observed is a universal characteristic of remedial agents.' The details of these experiments are open to examination in the books where they are published. They form, Mr Sampson says, a ground for the belief in a homœopathic law; but the system has also practical results in its favour. 'Statistical reports duly verified, showing the comparative results of the homœopathic and allopathic treatment, are now to be had from many of the chief cities of Europe and America, embracing a suffi-

* *Homœopathy; its Principles, Theory, and Practice.* By M. B. Sampson. London: Samuel Highley, 1846.

† See article, 'Six Months at Graefenberg,' in No. 105, published January 3, 1846.

cient number of cases to enable all those whose minds are open to evidence of any sort, to arrive at a definite judgment upon their respective claims. Of these statistics, the most important perhaps are those which refer to the treatment of cholera, the results thus obtained having produced the first strong popular impression in Europe of the efficiency of homoeopathy. The high rate of mortality in the cases of epidemic cholera which occurred in Europe in 1831, is well known. "As respects this country," writes Dr Elliottson, "I cannot but think that if all the patients had been left alone, the mortality would have been much the same as it has been; for we are not in the least more informed as to the proper remedies, than we were when the first case of cholera occurred. Some say they have cured the disease by bleeding; others by calomel; others by opium; and others, again, say that opium does harm. No doubt many poor creatures died uncomfortably, who would have died tranquilly if nothing had been done to them." While Dr Joseph Brown, by whom the course of the disease was observed at Sunderland, from its commencement in October to its cessation in January, states the mortality to have been 202 out of 534 attacked, or 38 per cent., and he speaks of a mortality of only 22½ per cent. in the epidemic which prevailed in the Presidency of Madras from 1818 to 1822, as "a proud monument to the skill of the medical men employed, and to medical science in general." Now, the results of the homoeopathic treatment of this disease in Europe in 1831, show a total of 2753 cured out of 3017 persons attacked, being a mortality of only 8½ per cent., and must be held, therefore, if the eulogium of Dr Brown on the practitioners of Madras is in anyway deserved, as a "proud monument" of the skill of the homoeopathic practitioners, and to the "science in general," by which their practice had been guided.

So far, homoeopathy presents nothing that the public, if not the profession, could have opposed otherwise than on practical grounds; but then—the small doses! Homoeopathic doctors administer their medicines in quantity extremely minute, triturating the solid, and diluting the liquid, till, in some instances, the decillionth part of a grain or of a drop is attained. In defence of this practice Mr Sampson appeals to experience. Hahnemann found 'that there was a much greater susceptibility of the system to medicines administered in accordance with the symptoms, than in opposition to them, or in disregard of them, and that it would consequently be necessary to lower the dose to an amount which, while it would eventually be followed by a perceptible improvement in the condition of the patient, would produce, in its first action, no distressing or dangerous results.' The smallness of the doses is, the homoeopaths say, a question apart from the fundamental law of homoeopathy itself; but there is a separate *rationale* for it. 'A little reflection,' says Mr Sampson, 'will convince us that there must be some portions of our organisation, of the fineness of which the human mind would be inadequate to form the slightest conception. It will also appear that these structures are of far higher importance towards the maintenance of life than the coarser and more outward portions of the frame, and that disease becomes dangerous and severe in proportion to the extent to which they are affected. In the most deep-seated affections, therefore, it is to these tissues that the powers of medicine have to be directed; and when we know that medicinal substances, like all material bodies, are infinitely divisible; that we can never, by any process, reduce them to atoms so fine but that they might still be infinitely reduced, it seems at once obvious, that if we wish them to reach, and to act upon those parts to which I have alluded, and in relation to some of the delicate machinery of which the finest atom to be attained from our very highest attenuations would appear coarse and ponderable, we must endeavour to bring them not only into a finer state than that in which they are ordinarily used, but into a state of exiguity far beyond anything to which we have

been accustomed in dealing with coarser structures. It is simply, in fact, proportioning the delicacy of our agents to the delicacy of the instruments upon which they are to operate.'

The homoeopaths administer but one medicine at a time, on which Mr Sampson lays much stress. They attribute importance also to the trituration to which it has been subjected, and to its being received upon the tongue, instead of being swallowed into the stomach, the proper business of which is, they say, to receive alimentary substances, and which speaks loudly for their system by the loathing and rejection which are usually excited by doses of common medicine.

Finally, our author treats of the opposition which homoeopathy has met with, and answers a number of the special objections made to it by medical writers. 'Dr Pereira says that the doses are so small, that "it is difficult to believe they can produce any effect on the system, and therefore we may infer that the supposed homoeopathic cures are referrible to nature;" but it by no means follows that this inference will prove correct. There are many things which are difficult to believe, but which, nevertheless, we are compelled to admit; so that if it were really, as he alleges, difficult to believe that to operate successfully on an organisation of the delicacy of which it is impossible for the human mind to form the remotest estimate, we must employ agents so delicate as to be likewise beyond all our ordinary conceptions; the fact of this difficulty existing would have very little weight in the face of daily experience. It is "difficult" to believe that, by arranging the vibrations of sound in a particular manner, two loud sounds may be made to produce silence; and also that, owing to an analogous property of light, two strong lights may be made to produce darkness. It is "difficult" to believe that the most sensitive lady might plunge her uncovered hand into a caldron of boiling tar without receiving the slightest injury; while, if her hand were covered with a glove, it would be dreadfully burnt. It is "difficult" to believe that the white light from the sun is composed of all the primary colours; that the principal supporter of life and combustion is a gas which constitutes part of our atmosphere, and is not cognisable by our senses; that when iron filings are strewn on a board, and a magnet is held underneath, they are immediately attracted, and this to the same extent as if the interposing substance were not there; that owing to the attraction of a particular metal to oxygen, the extraordinary phenomenon may be presented of ice on fire—since potassium, when placed upon frozen water, will even abstract oxygen from it in that state; that if the temperature of water be increased beyond the boiling point, the insensible vapour will exert an expansive power sufficiently great to tear asunder the strongest vessels in which it may be confined; and finally, it is "difficult" to believe almost all things that are hourly presented to us, and, above all, the fact of our own existence. Still, we should hardly consider that "we might therefore infer" that we are wrong in connecting these events with the causes which experience has shown to be capable of producing them. If mankind had always adopted his view of suffering "difficulty" of belief to deter them from the task of accumulating facts, and from the duty of recognising those facts, it is quite certain that science would have slumbered from the creation of the world down to the present time.'

So far we have followed Mr Sampson without deeming it necessary to introduce any comment of our own. We would now remark that, while homoeopathy presents much that demands the attention of liberal medical men, its professors ought also to make some allowance for the opposition of that class. The doctrine of the infinitesimal doses, argue upon it as you may, is so opposed to all our common ideas as to cause and effect, that scepticism is next to unavoidable; and it is not only natural, but highly justifiable, to surmise that the alleged results are attributable to an absence of medicine

altogether, rather than to the presence of agents so inconceivably minute. We are every day taking forty times the amount of their most active doses in our food, and that without perceiving any result beyond what is natural and normal. Admitting, on the other hand, the probability of the negative character of the homeopathic doses, what an important consideration does it become for the orthodox practitioners, that many cures arise, to all appearance, from both this system of treatment and from hydropathy, where medicine is abandoned even in name!

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. III.

Gilaroo.—You have been reading, I see. Anything new?

Stukely.—Not exactly new. I have been perusing an early volume of Tytler's History of Scotland, one of the most interesting works I have read for some time—all the elegance of a romance with the solidity of a history. What fearful revelations the writer makes of the state of past manners—what monstrous usurpations—what crimes—what tyrannies of the strong over the weak!

Gil.—All history is much the same thing; little else than a record of crimes and miseries; injustice on the one hand, and suffering on the other. Ambition, however, has been the principal source of national calamity. A monarch, already powerful, wishes to become more so. He sees a comparatively helpless little kingdom in his neighbourhood, and thinking what a fine thing it would be to add it to his own already large territory, he does not scruple to put every species of base engine at work to accomplish his ends: if underhand means fail, he proclaims open war, lets loose a body of armed men on the unhappy country, with orders to put all to the sword who resist his iniquitous aggression. This was what Edward I. did with Scotland, a country he had no right to meddle with, and which fortunately was able to beat off him and his successors. This was what Henry II. did with Ireland, which was less fortunate in making its defence. This was what different sovereigns of the overgrown Russian dominions have done with Poland. It was by no other means that Prussia grew to be a great kingdom out of the small duchy of Brandenburg. France was once half a dozen little kingdoms, which were all swallowed up, the less by the greater, till it now forms only one. Spain has undergone the same process. Austria has encroached upon and absorbed Lombardy, one of the finest portions of Italy. What country, indeed, that can be named, has not become what it is by a violent aggression on the rights of others?

Stuke.—What, indeed; but it is one comfort that we do not see any of the injustice you allude to in our times.

Gil.—Pardon; not quite come to that yet. As long as there is ignorance, there will be also vulgar ambition, and its natural consequences. At present, if we choose to look abroad, we have many spectacles of already powerful and sufficiently large states attempting to extend themselves over comparatively defenceless territories. Nicholas of Russia is carrying on a war against the inhabitants of the Caucasus, of precisely the same nature as that which Edward I. carried on against Scotland, and with equal injustice. On what plea of right the French are attempting to conquer the north of Africa, is more, I imagine, than they could satisfactorily explain. The people of the United States, too, imitating the ambition of the Edwards, Henrys, Fredericks, and Nicholases of the old world, seem to have latterly become quite unscrupulous as to their acquisitions. After this, nobody need blame kings as the only aggressors on national rights.

Stuke.—Ah, I see; you allude to that Oregon affair? I cannot say I rightly understand it.

Gil.—Yes, it is that I was thinking of. Is it not a

monstrous pity that the intelligent and peace-loving of two nations should for ever be kept on the brink of a mortal quarrel about such utterly contemptible points of dispute? Who in Great Britain cares a farthing for Oregon, and what rational American cares for it either? Yet, by heedless persons using indiscreet words, and manifesting a thirst of acquisition, the most alarming consequences may be threatened.

Stuke.—I have heard it said that a smart war, though expensive at the time, is not a bad thing in the main; it scatters money about, and gives a great deal of employment.

Gil.—I'll tell you what war does. It causes large sums—ten millions or so, for a beginning—to be raised by immediate or postponed taxation; if postponed, then interest as well as principal has to be provided for. This exaction operates detrimentally in two ways. Everybody gives money out, for which he gets nothing back, which is a loss; and the money, instead of being spent in creating articles of exchangeable value, is laid out on things altogether worthless. In making these articles—guns, for example—men no doubt receive wages, but the articles never sell for anything afterwards: you might just as well give men wages for doing nothing.

Stuke.—Stop a moment. Do not those who pay out money to buy guns—that is, the tax-payers—get back a considerable part of it in consequence of the briskness of trade? That, I believe, is the question.

Gil.—A few individuals in particular circumstances may get back more than they pay out. For example, a farmer who supplies food to a dépôt of prisoners of war, may realise a profit ten times the amount of his taxes. But the people at large get back nothing. The money in the course of circulation may be paid to shopkeepers for articles, but these articles were not got for nothing. In the most favourable view of the case, the proportion of money returned must be infinitesimal—a thing too illusory to be spoken about.

Stuke.—But you will allow that vast numbers of men are employed as soldiers and sailors?

Gil.—Of course, and so much the worse. Assuming that the war is never to bring anything good to the country, the employment of so many men is a double loss—the loss of the money expended in feeding, clothing, and paying, perhaps pensioning them; and the loss incurred by the abstraction of so many able-bodied men from the field of labour.

Stuke.—I don't clearly see that. Are not the men busy fighting, which is surely labour?

Gil.—But it is a labour which yields no return. We get nothing out of it but misery. If fifty thousand men are kept blowing away gunpowder into the atmosphere for a whole year, we cannot, as far as I can see, be the richer for it, but a great deal the poorer. It is a labour worse than lost. As every one of the fighters might be working at some useful employment, and adding to the national resources, if he were not a soldier, it is pretty clear that war is an engine of national impoverishment. Of the calamities which it otherwise produces, I need say nothing. Its interruption of commerce, its distracting of people's minds from all sorts of social improvement, its positively barbarising influence, is all bad. The loss of life and limb arising from it is deplorable.

Stuke.—At all events, the army is recruited from the least useful and respectable portion of the community—a kind of riddance of badly-behaved young men. Is it not laing who compliments us on our constructing the army out of the least valuable materials in the country, instead of, as in Prussia, using up indiscriminately the best members of the community as soldiers?

Gil.—There may be some truth in that, although I must say the army, on the whole, is an exceedingly well-conducted body of men, and abounds in persons of great respectability and intelligence. However, granting that it does rid us of many bad spirits, might not there be some better plan of rendering these men harmless to society, than in making them soldiers? Have all fair

means of instruction and melioration been tried? One defect in our institutions seems obvious: we have no general and humane plan for preventing petty crimes, and rescuing the youthful poor from vices which ruin their character, and send them a long life of misery. Public justice, in treating these unfortunate beings, never considers temptations, nor has any idea of predispositions in the individual. All are swept into the gulf: driven into the hands of the recruiting sergeant, or condemned and sent to the penal colonies.

Stuke.—I don't know that society is to be blamed for this. Some years ago, an association of benevolent persons, at their own expense, rid the streets of London of houseless and destitute children, to whom they kindly gave board, clothing, education, and industrial training. After thus putting them in a way of earning a livelihood, they apprenticed them to farmers at the Cape of Good Hope; for they could not get employment for them at home. Well, this institution was brought to an end, by what I thought a very senseless howl of the metropolitan press. They said it was a system of white slavery; and as the supporters of the institution had no interest in carrying it on, and did not like to be called names, they gave it up. I now see, by a report of what took place a short time ago in the Lord Mayor's court, that the streets are again haunted by destitute children, who of course all become thieves. I wonder who, in the face of the former experiment, will be willing to look after them.

Gil.—Why, the parish authorities certainly; and if they don't, schools of industry ought to be got up, at the public expense, to rescue these poor children from destruction. Something of this kind is already done in Aberdeen, with the best effect, and will be by and by in some other towns. Why should London not follow the example? My opinion is, that the society you allude to was far too easily intimidated. The members, knowing that what they were doing was from no bad motive, but the reverse, should have persevered—outlived the clamour against them.

Stuke.—So they would, I daresay, if they had been backed. The world is often most thankless to its benefactors, and often joins in the laugh against individuals who have for years been doing much good.

Gil.—Men of integrity of principle should not mind either sarcasm or abuse. You remember what Sir Walter Scott said of his enemies and detractors: 'I let them hum and buzz themselves to sleep.' Whatever arrangement is founded on truth and justice, must stand; whatever has a basis in fraud, must come to nought. Emerson puts this in the clearest light. It is an acknowledged truth in ethics, and not less true in social economics. Honesty, you know, is always the best policy.

Stuke.—Yet what is more observable than that of clever dishonest men succeeding in their schemes, while good men are defeated in their most useful arrangements?

Gil.—The dishonest and the shabby may achieve some paltry end no doubt; but look around, and see that if, on the whole, the honest men have not the best of it. Who are those who command respect?—I do not mean obsequious adulation—the honest men to be sure. Who are those who gain no esteem, though perhaps some applause, for their talents?—the unprincipled to be sure. If there be a lesson taught more distinctly than another at the present moment, it is, that no brilliancy of qualification, no power of genius, no learning, no rank, no anything, can make a dishonest man be respected. The plain inference is, that, in defiance of sneers and obloquy, every one should do his best to act with a resolute integrity of principle. It may be inconvenient, or it may involve some sacrifices in the meantime, but it will unquestionably be alone gainful in the end.

Stuke.—All very fine in theory, but only so-so in practice. We see countries making a capital thing of stealing other countries' wealth; we see great bodies of individuals living in splendid style, by stealing men

and making them work like brutes; we see hundreds of persons as comfortable and respected as may be, although living by very shabby kinds of tricks.

Gil.—You look only at the outside of things. Among universal affairs, it is often difficult to trace the retributive punishment of acts unquestionably vicious, and indefensible on moral grounds. The ways of Providence are not always clear to the intelligence of man. Retribution may sometimes demonstrate itself in secret cankering cares, or feelings of remorse; sometimes in exposure to the world, and disgrace; sometimes in distressing annoyances from the failure of schemes; sometimes in terrible fears for consequences; at the very least, loss of self-respect. Who knows whether Russia may not yet repent of having crushed Poland? Is not Austria at its wit's end keeping Lombardy in subjection? Have not the French caught a Tartar in Algeria? May not the United States, by their extensions, be going on infatigably to their ruin? Is not their very slave system enough to blow them up? Honesty, along with kindness, I repeat, should be the governing principle of the world.

Stuke.—What you say may be true in the main, but I doubt its application to ordinary matters. It would be all very well, acting in every affair of life with transparent uprightness, and candour, and generosity, if every other person would do the same; but the bulk of the world are a set of sharks, with whom it is necessary, at the very least, to be always on the defensive. For my part, I have been the victim of all sorts of encroachments; and what is strange, I have been ill-used chiefly by those to whom I have shown kindness. I have got only kicks for my halpence. Sometimes I cannot help laughing at the way I have been treated; it reminds me so much of the old story of the beggar and the merchant.

Gil.—What story do you allude to? I don't remember anything of the kind.

Stuke.—The story was this: I have seen it in some old book. In a certain city in the East there was a poor man, a beggar, who sat daily at the corner of a street, where his miserable appearance might excite the charity of the numerous passers. One occasionally would give him a trifle; many gave him nothing. It happened that a rich merchant came to reside in that quarter, and taking compassion on the poor man, he dropped an alms to him daily in passing. The regularity of this bounty cheered the beggar very much. A coin equal to a penny was the amount of the alms each day, and on this he began to reckon with as much certainty as that the sun would rise. It became to him a sort of annuity. Well, this went on for a series of years, the beggar all the time improving in circumstances, and looking on his benefactor with profound respect. At length things took a turn with the merchant. Whether he had met with heavy losses, or had discovered some other pauper more needful and deserving, I do not know, but it is certain that he all at once desisted from giving the beggar his usual alms. The first day that this took place the beggar was a little surprised, but as it might be an accidental omission, it did not give him very deep concern. The second day he was surprised in earnest; he was dreadfully chagrined. What have I done, thought he, that I should merit this extraordinary treatment. The third day he was furious; it was an indignity not to be borne; it was a positive robbery. Addressing the merchant on the fourth day, he requested to know what he had done to be treated thus: why was his daily allowance stopped? The merchant was now in his turn surprised, and replied that he could not be questioned as to his dispensation of alms; he could do with his own as he liked. This answer, which you would think was quite reasonable, would not do for the beggar. He said that he had no wish to injure any man, but it was his duty to defend his rights, and seeing the merchant would not pay him his daily salary, he must refer the case to a court of justice. Accordingly, he had the merchant up before the cady, to whom he

explained his wrongs. 'This merchant,' said he, 'has done me a serious injury. He gave me a penny a-day for so many years that I arranged all my plans in reference to it. I married on the faith of the penny, and nothing else. I have a family to support and a rent to pay, and without the continuance of the penny, how am I to do either the one or the other? The stoppage of this revenue is, in short, a very great calamity, and I, in the name of the prophet, cry to your highness for justice. Far be it from me, however, to insist on the defendant continuing his penny daily; if that be inconvenient, I am willing to accept a compensation in a distinct sum.' The lady now heard what the merchant had to say in reply, and he did not seem at all pleased with it. He remarked that it was a case of very serious oppression; a very bad case indeed, which could not be suffered to go unredressed. If the merchant did not intend continuing the penny for life, he had no business lending the beggar into the idea that he would, by giving him alms so regularly. The notion of now, out of mere caprice, withdrawing a bounty which was essential to the poor man's existence and happiness, and to which he was unquestionably entitled by prescriptive right, was on the face of it absurd. 'Go, sir,' said he in conclusion to the merchant, 'and pay the man his dues. I ordain that you give him a hundred piastres in liquidation of all demands.'—There, what do you think of that? There was gratitude for you.

Gil.—Pooh! only a fable.

Stuke.—A good quiz, you mean; not a bad satire, I take it, on what one often meets with for all his kindness.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK was born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, on the 22d of September 1788. His father was a musical composer of talent, in his day and sphere a man of considerable note. Mrs Hook is said to have been an amiable and excellent woman: she died, unfortunately for Theodore, in his fifteenth year, just when he most needed a judicious and affectionate monitor. There was but one other child, Dr James Hook, Theodore's senior by eighteen years, who, when they lost their mother, was already at Oxford, preparing for the church. His life, less brilliant, was happier than his gifted brother's. He rose to due eminence in his profession, and died dean of Worcester.

Theodore had been sent betimes to Harrow; but when his father became a widower, and therefore anxious for the boy's cheerful company, he easily consented to allow him to remain at home. The 'little back drawing-room' was accordingly given up to Master Theodore. Here he settled himself to read novels and farces, or fantasy on the piano, or play the fool with such of his young friends as chose to visit him: nothing could be more pleasant, or more unprofitable. One profitable gift, however, the elder Hook soon detected in his sportful son: Theodore could versify, and versify well, with less trouble than it costs ordinary mortals to pen very indifferent prose. This discovery sealed his fate. The veteran artist took the strippling into partnership. Was a song required—Theodore dashed off the words, while the other composed the music—the junior receiving an equitable share of the proceeds. For the son of a man hand-in-glove with the whole tribe of players and dramatists, the transition from the little back drawing-room, to the spaces both 'before and behind the stage' of Drury Lane, was a natural and an easy one. Theodore was a poet, and even already a wit; his person pleasing, his manners free from timidity; no wonder if he rose into high favour with the ladies and gentlemen of the green-room. Such an atmosphere, and such society, quickly stimulated him to attempt something loftier than song-

writing. With the aid of a few French vaudevilles, 'The Soldier's Return, a comic opera, in two acts,' was quickly produced. It was performed at Drury Lane with 'vociferous applause,' and who now so happy as Theodore? This success nearly turned his head, or at least banished from it, and for ever, all thoughts of joining any of the regular professions.

This was in 1805, and during the next few years, operas, melodramas, farces—some of the last, it is said, capital in their kind—flowed in rapid succession from Theodore's pen. But at that time, as the best of his biographers observe, the real force was his own life. His theatrical ongoings had made him acquainted with the actor Mathews, a merry, thoughtless fellow like himself: both were in the heyday of youth, instinct with fun, and brimful of the wildest animal spirits. Their acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy, and this gave birth to a long series of practical jokes—some audacious, some merely comic—a history of which might fill whole volumes, though of a nature truly more to amuse than to edify. Has the reader ever heard of the 'Berners Street Hoax of 1809?' A neat, quiet-looking residence drew the attention of Theodore and a companion, as they were one day walking through Berners Street. Next moment the wag offered to bet that, before the week was out, this very mansion should be the most famous in London. The wager was accepted, and Hook set to work to win it. Before seven days elapsed, the post had carried a thousand letters, from the pen of Mr Theodore Hook, to a thousand persons of every rank and occupation. Some, on the most plausible grounds, were requested to appear in person; but the majority to deliver goods of one kind or another, on the same hour of the same day, at the innocent and devoted house. On the appointed forenoon, Theodore and his friends were planted at the window opposite, to contemplate and enjoy the proceedings. Precisely at the hour named in all the missives, up drove the Duke of York's carriage; the Archbishop of Canterbury, a cabinet minister, the lord mayor, and a great host of dignitaries, less punctual than his military royal highness, were also under weigh. But arrival was impossible: the thoroughfares, from every point of the compass, were already blocked up with wagons, coaches, brewers' drays, costermongers' carts—vehicles of all descriptions. The hubbub this prank occasioned in London may be easily imagined: we have narrated it, nowise with approval, as a significant emblem of Hook's early life. It was played in the year of his majority.

Such frolics, however, were not calculated to introduce Theodore to those exalted regions of high-life above stairs which his merriment, duly softened, was in after-years so frequently to exhilarate, and whitherwards he was doubtless already casting many a longing glance. For this consummation he was indebted to the most wonderful of all his brilliant social gifts—his faculty of improvisation, a display of which could extort from such a man as the poet Coleridge the assertion, that 'Hook was as true a genius as Dante!' When Sheridan was returned for Westminster, after one of those numerous ever memorable struggles, now so utterly forgotten, the company at Drury Lane celebrated their proprietor's triumph by giving him a dinner, and Theodore was among the guests. In the course of the evening, says Mrs Mathews, 'being in turn solicited, he displayed his talents in extemporaneous singing. The company was numerous, and generally strangers to Mr Hook; but without a moment's premeditation he composed a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhymes, unhesitatingly gathering into his subject, as he rapidly proceeded, in addition to what had passed during dinner, every trivial incident of the moment. Mr Sheridan was astonished at his extraordinary faculty,' &c. 'could not have believed,' &c. &c.; and, in short, took some pass of the young English improvisatore.

This introduction to the author of the *School for Scandal*, led to an acquaintance with his son (the 'Tom'

of so many of his jokes), and with other 'persons of quality,' friends of the younger Sheridan. By and by we meet Theodore, delighting and delighted, in the drawing-room of the Marchioness of Hertford. Nay, royalty, or quasi-royalty itself, 'at a supper in Manchester Square,' and 'one or two dinners elsewhere,' deigned to be amused with his witty sallies and lyrical ground-and-lofty tumbling. On the first of these occasions, when the aspirant, then 'a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls,' took his leave, the Prince Regent placed his hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Mr Hook, I must see and hear you again.' The ball was at Theodore's foot; presently the same illustrious personage was heard to declare, 'Something must be done for Hook.'

By the end of 1812 something very effectual had been done for Hook: he was appointed accountant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of £2000 a-year. Here was an opportunity, easily, and without the fear of ridicule, to amend whatever was wrong in his way of life. Had the man now shaped his course a little more wisely, he might, indeed, never have edited John Bull, and yet been in all ways a gainer. But he was five-and-twenty, and his days had not been passed in the school where the lessons of self-denial are enforced with stripes. Arrived at his destination in the October of 1813, he continued, on a somewhat higher scale, the game he had already been playing in London. He found a gay, dissipated society stirring around him; balls, theatricals public and private, horse-races, mason-festivities, convivialities without end. He plunged headlong into it all, enjoyed and repaid in kind the boundless hospitality of the place; while the duties of his office were being neglected, or—worse than neglected—left to be performed by dishonest subordinates. Finally, on the evening of the 8th March 1818, some five years and nine months after he had landed, he was supping at a friend's house, when the officers of justice came to seize him. Poor Theodore was dragged by 'torch-light through crowded streets' to the common jail, then handed over to a military detachment homeward-bound, and sailed soon afterwards for England, charged with having embezzled £20,000 of the public money.

The Quarterly Reviewer has gone, with impartiality and care, into the question of Hook's misconduct, and it seems clear that he was innocent of everything but the grossest carelessness; a sad fault indeed, yet far enough removed from crime. He arrived at Portsmouth in the January of 1819, and was at once, by order of the crown lawyers, released from confinement, to undergo, through a wearisome series of years, the searching examination by the Audit Board. During his absence his father had died. By the close of 1819—friendless, moneyless, disgraced—he had crept into humble lodgings at Somerstown. But the buoyancy of his spirit no misfortune could utterly depress. He sought out the humbler of his old associates, and if he had poverty to vex him, gaiety was there to keep her company. He wrote for theatres and periodicals: he even started a magazine—'The Arcadian.' The queen's business was then engrossing the minds of all, and Theodore had been ever the sturdiest of Tories. In the summer of 1820 he fired the first shot in his fierce campaign against that unhappy personage: it was 'a thin octavo,' in such rhyme as we can fancy. A few months more, and John Bull electrified the world. 'No first appearance of any periodical work of any class whatever has, in our time at least, produced such a startling sensation. It told at once, from the convulsed centre, to every extremity of the kingdom. There was talent of every sort, apparently, that could have been desired or devised for such a purpose. It seemed as if a legion of sarcastic devils had brooded in synod over the elements of withering derision.'

Theodore's salary as editor was rising towards £2000 a-year, when, in the autumn of 1823, the investigation of the Audit Board was closed: its report pronounced him a debtor to the crown in the sum of £12,000. His

property, forthwith seized and sold, did not fetch as many pence; and his person was handed over to a sheriff's officer named Hemp, to be dealt with as the law prescribes. It was always one of Hook's delusions, founded partly on his John Bull services, that some royal or noble interference would be exerted to have the debt wiped out. For nine months, accordingly, incurring unnecessary expense, he lingered on in his captor's residence at Shire Lane, a dismal and squalid abode. Yet this period was not the most unhappy or even the most unprofitable of his life. His days were devoted to the duties of his editorship, and to the composition of the 'Sayings and Doings.' Of an evening, his friends gathered round him. Dr Maginn, whose acquaintance with him dated from his imprisonment, was a nightly visitor. At last, in the April of 1824, he gave notice that he intended to remove to the King's Bench. Mr Hemp had, meanwhile, been fascinated by the constant glee and good-humour of his lively captive. To break the melancholy of parting, he went the length of inviting him to a festive banquet on the evening before he left Shire Lane. The company was of a mixed description—cultivators of the muses, from Theodore's circle of friends, alternating with select tipstaves, intimates of the worthy host. Ere the night was gone, Hook was called on for an improvisation, 'and his ballad' (says a good authority, for otherwise it were incredible) 'showed up Mr Hemp and his brethren as intrusted with the final office of the law in the case of the culprit before them.'

After a year's detention in the King's Bench, in the May of 1825 he was finally released, with a distinct intimation from the Audit Board, that the debt was to hang over him till paid. Hook was now in his thirty-seventh year, and, with proper prudence, happy days might have still been in store for him. For the first series of 'Sayings and Doings,' published early in 1824, he had received £2000: the second appeared just before he left the King's Bench. Both placed him high among the highest of then living novelists. His emoluments from John Bull were, as already stated, uncommonly large. Thus, in a short time, with economy and diligence, independence was sure for him. Will it be believed, that although, during the next sixteen years, he wrote thirty-eight volumes, and added the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine to that of John Bull, not a farthing of the large sums this productive industry brought him was devoted to extinguish his debt to the crown?

On quitting jail, he took a good house at Putney, and began to mix in society, though chiefly of a theatrical and literary kind. Two years afterwards, however, he migrated to a large and handsome residence in Cleveland Row (of London Proper), gave dinners on an extensive scale, and became a member and frequenter of several aristocratic clubs, 'especially'—fatal words—'such as allowed of play.' His visiting-book soon included all that was loftiest and gayest, and in every sense most distinguished in London society. The editor of John Bull, the fashionable novelist, the wittiest and most vivid talker of the time, his presence was not only everywhere welcome, but everywhere coveted and clamoured for. But the whirl of extravagant dissipation emptied his pocket, fevered his brain, and shortened the precious leisure in which alone his subsistence could be gained. In the midst of it all, he saw impending over him the Damocles sword of debt. In 1831 he removed, indeed, to a humbler residence at Fulham, but his habits in other respects suffered no change. At home, too, he had entangled himself in domestic relations to which it is painful to refer. There were, it is true, constant internal struggles and protests against all this madness, yet, practically, Theodore surrendered himself with open eyes to his fate; he never (until, for human purposes, too late) made any one real and forcible attempt to break the baleful spell which chained him to a course of life inwardly and outwardly ruinous. The vigour of the following apt quotation must excuse its length.

'There is recorded,' in his Diary, 'in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth, evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England: the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight; or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune. Hook's is the only untitled name, except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of "John Bull," to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried across the country to some appointed "Blue Boar" or "Crooked Billet." Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighbourhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed. He enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood. In half an hour, behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortunately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail-shower—"that dear Theodore" had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire: it is supposed that the evening is over, that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelors' gallery with half-a-dozen bachelors of different calibre. One of them, a dashing young earl, proposes what the Diary calls "something comfortable" in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates; but is persuaded. The end is, that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made. The fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew) to whom he discloses the case must, on any terms, remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene recurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that *must* be finished within a month or six weeks, and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs—who consider him as an admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labour of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum; and as often as the "Morning Post" alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of "fashionable intelligence."¹ *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!*

Hook's life was tending towards no peaceful and desirable goal; and though to the outward eye, almost to the last, the same polished and joyous worldling as ever, his inner man was racked by mournful fears and chagrins. Let us hear himself speak.

¹ Quarterly Review, No. 143, Art. "Thodore Hook;" a masterly essay, from a pen not to be mistaken.

'January 19, 1837.—Another dreadful, miserable, dark, and dreary day. Letter from my sister-in-law; she praises my industry, and pities my poverty. My poverty is painful, not on my own account, but on that of others; and because, though I have, through God's goodness, been most fortunate in my literary undertakings, I have uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but have also wasted the time which would have reimbursed me. It is never too late to mend; and I now work night and day, and only wonder, when I look back, that I should have been so foolish as to waste the prime of life in foolish idleness.

'September 6, 1838.—To-day invited by Sir Edward Sugden to meet Lord Granville Somerset, Dr Ros, Croker, and others agreeable; but said no. * * * How little people think of the griefs and sorrows of those whom they hear only in public, and then not always favourably!

The following is the last entry in his diary. 'June 20, 1841.—To-day ill, but in to dinner to Lord Harrington's, to meet the Duke of Wellington. There Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord, &c. &c.

The illness here spoken of had been gaining on him for some time; it sprang from a 'total disorganisation of the liver and other viscera.' He continued ailing throughout the summer. On the 13th of August, after a hard day's work of writing, he 'retired in great exhaustion to his bed.' He expired on the evening of the 24th.

This is a biographical, and not a critical sketch: an estimate of Hook's well-known, on the whole perhaps somewhat trivial, and at any rate easily appreciable writings, it is not our intention to offer. His life, indeed, in the full record of it to be one day doubtless presented to the world, will be probably more interesting, certainly far more instructive, than any works he has left behind him. Would that for us all it were as easy to follow out in practice, as to enforce and assert to be true, the pithy maxim, 'Wrong never comes right,' which, meeting us repeatedly in his books, has been seldom so vividly exemplified as in the life of Theodore Edward Hook.

THE RETURNED SLAVE.

AN ANECDOTE FROM THE ITALIAN OF SOAVE.

A NOBLEMAN being at a state banquet, given at Marseilles, was anxious to refresh himself by taking a few turns in a boat on the river. He accordingly called for a boatman, when a pleasing looking youth, with a most gracious manner, offered himself. The nobleman was induced to look at him attentively, seeing him possessed of more refined manners than are usually met with in that rank of life. 'You do not row,' he said, 'as if you were a sailor; and I cannot understand that, if it is not your trade, you could undertake such a severe exercise for recreation.'

'I was not born, indeed,' replied the youth, 'in this rank of life; nor is this the trade I belong to; but the misfortunes of my father have obliged me to take to it, to earn a trifle on festival days.'

'And what misfortunes have happened your father?' said the nobleman.

'He is a slave,' replied the youth in a state of distress; 'and I have no means of ransoming him but by the most severe labour and fatigue.'

'A slave! And how long, and where?'

'He is now six months in chains at Tetuan. He formed a small capital by his earnings, freighted a ship, went in it himself, industriously wishing to make the most of it; but unfortunately it was seized by the Moors, and he and the crew were made slaves. Two thousand crowns they require for his ransom; but as he took all our property with him, we are very far from being able to procure so large an amount. My mother and sister work day and night to assist in collecting the

sum, and I do the same; therefore I wish to take advantage of every opportunity of adding to our earnings. At first I thought to be able to liberate him by taking his place; but my mother (who suspected my plan) assured me that my design was useless; and fearing, not without some reason, that I still might venture, forbade all the captains to take me on board.

'Have you not heard anything of him since? Do you know whom he serves, and in what way he is treated?' asked the nobleman.

'He is the superintendent of the royal gardens, and is treated humanely. But, alas! this is small comfort for him; he is a slave, and far from all those most dear to him.'

'What is his name and age?'

'Robert; and he is nearly fifty-five years of age.'

'You have my best wishes, and certainly are deserving of better fortune. From your good conduct, I think I may promise it to you.'

Night coming on, the nobleman desired him to land him, and, jumping out of the boat, would not allow the youth time to thank him for the purse of money which he left in it as a reward. The young man, surprised at such generosity, for many days sought the nobleman to express his gratitude; but in vain. Two months afterwards, while this poor but honest family were at their scanty dinner, to their utter amazement Robert arrived. A scream of joy and surprise escaped them: they even doubted the reality of their vision. He tenderly embraced each one: 'My wife and my children,' he exclaimed, 'how deeply indebted I am to you; but tell me, how have you been enabled to release me? The sum required for my ransom was enormous: these clothes, and my passage paid beforehand, all astonish me. Alas! to what a state of misery do I see you have reduced yourselves for me.'

The sudden joy quite overpowered his wife, who had not strength to answer, until relieved by a flood of tears. She again embraced her husband, and pointing to her son, said, 'You see in him your liberator; we never could have collected the immense sum required, were it not for his indefatigable exertions, aided by those of a charitable nobleman who was struck by his amiability. To that boy you certainly owe your freedom: he even secretly arranged to exchange with you.'

A shriek from her daughter interrupted her, and on turning round she perceived her son had fainted. The first symptom of returning consciousness was a vacant gaze at his father. Making a vain effort to speak, the poor father was struck dumb by the sudden transition from joy to grief, and turning to his son in an angry manner, he exclaimed, 'Alas! unfortunate youth, what have you done? I cannot feel myself indebted to you for this liberty without shuddering. If my ransom had not caused you to commit some crime, you would not have dared to conceal it from your mother. The son of a miserable slave, and in these wretched times, it is not likely that by honest means you could have procured such assistance. I tremble at the thought of your filial love leading you into crime. Believe me from this uncertainty; if it is true, I would rather—'

'No, no; compose yourself, father; embrace your son: I am not yet unworthy of that name; for it is neither to me nor one of us that you are indebted. Our benefactor is quite another person. Indeed, mother, it is to that stranger who gave me the purse in such a generous manner that we owe our happiness. Oh, if I could meet him! If I could— But I will leave no stone unturned to discover him.' He then related to his father how he had met the stranger, and thus eased his mind of all uncertainty.

After two years of useless inquiry, one morning the youth chanced accidentally to meet the object of his search.

'Ah! my lord, my benefactor!' He could say no more, but threw himself at his feet.

'What do you want? What is all this?' said the stranger.

'My lord, do you not know me? Have you forgotten the son of the unfortunate Robert whom you so generously saved?'

'You mistake, my friend; I am a stranger only just arrived.'

'That may be; but do you not recollect being here about two years and a half since? Let me remind you of the few turns you took on the river; the purse that you gave me; the compassion you felt for my father's misfortunes; the numerous questions you asked on whatever could throw light on the means for his liberation. You have thus formed the happiness of an entire family, who desire nothing now but your presence, to heap it with a thousand blessings. Alas! do not deny us our wishes.'

'Softly, my friend; you are too easily deceived; you perhaps—'

'No; I am not deceived; your features are too deeply impressed on my mind ever to forget them. Receive our thanks.' He then seized him by the arm, and tried to induce him to return with him to his home, and witness the happiness which he had been the means of restoring. The contrast between the two attracted a crowd round them. The unknown person was in the height of his glory; but instead of showing his astonishment, he had the courage to repress it, and still to remain in concealment.

This fact would have remained for ever a mystery, if, on the death of a Marseilles merchant, his relations had not found among his papers a note for 7500 francs, 'sent to Robert Meryn à Cadice,' and for which there was no receipt. A famous English banker said he had made use of this money, by the orders of Signor Charles, second Baron de Montesquieu, president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, for the ransom of an inhabitant of Marseilles, called Robert, enlaved at Tetuan. This celebrated man was in the habit of occasionally visiting his sister, Madame d'Hericourt, who was married at Marseilles.

The generous action which he performed, and which we have now related, does not merit less commendation than his literary labours, by which he has rendered his name immortal.

DUNCES.

We find the following humorous and judicious remarks on this ill-understood class of school-boys, in a speech delivered by Mr Macintosh, at a late meeting of the Forfar, Fife, and Perthshire Educational Association:—

We all know what great bores dunces are in schools, and how readily the master's choler is awakened by their laggard motions. They, however, often serve a purpose. Without dunces, our classes would not present the striking contrast which they often exhibit; the dunces are the dark shades in the picture, which throw the talented youth more prominently into view. They, moreover, offer an opportune occasion for the wit, the sapient counsel, and thundering reproof of the master; and should he enforce his argument by 'suiting the action to the word'—

'Full well the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well the busy circle, whispering round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.'

Though the days of indiscriminate castigation are gone by, and dunces enjoy an exemption formerly unknown under the reign of terror, they are not yet treated with the rational consideration, and consequently with that justice, which their circumstances demand. Let us analyse the character of a dunce as he is too often impersonated. There are several species of dunces. There is first the *incapable*, to whom nature has been niggard in the power of observation, discrimination, reflection, and memory. An unfortunate of this class is sent to school, and yoked with class-fellows of his own age. His natural imperfections speedily appear; he falls astern at a fearful rate; he soon becomes powerless in contending with his gifted compere, who look on him with indifference and contempt. He then becomes a dead weight on his class,

and provokes, too often, the ire of his master to punish him for what he is incompetent to perform. What consequences follow? The natural incapables are often quiet and patient, and very passive under discouragements and disgrace; they feel their case to be hopeless, and despairingly resign themselves to their fate.

Another section of dunces stand nearly on a level with the natural incapables with respect to scholastic progress, because they have not been trained to habits of attention, observation, application, order, and obedience. They have been spoiled by too much indulgence; or, it may be, have been entirely uncared for, and left to the government of their appetites and passions, a prey to the depraved propensities of human nature. At school they are the moral incapables. Though seen at the rag-end of a class, careless, unprepared, and unashamed, they are never at the rag-end of play and mischief; in fact, idleness and mischief are their element. As far as my experience goes, the natural incapables are not a numerous class, which is one of the many evidences of the beneficence of the Creator. But the moral incapables include a much larger proportion, which proves the lamentable irregularities in domestic training.

There is a third class of an intermediate character—*reputed dunces*—but falsely so called, who possess a delicate physical organisation, and a most sensitive mental constitution, whose faculties are paralysed by anxiety and fear, who tremble at the slightest difficulty, and sink under the slightest discouragement. They resemble those beautiful plants that bloom in the genial atmosphere of a greenhouse, but are blasted on being exposed to the mercy of the elements. Above a dozen years ago a case of this kind fell under my observation. The boy to whom I allude had the most sensitive feelings I ever knew. I was made aware of his very susceptible mental temperament, and treated him with kindness and care. The youth had excellent parts, and made satisfactory progress. Without reflecting on the probable consequences, his father placed him under the care of a master to learn a foreign language; the nerves of the poor youth were unequal to the excitement of competition—he fevered and died. There was no blame attachable to his teacher. The poor youth was too sensitive for the region of competition, unfit to struggle with robust and hardy boys. As we are to take an interest in dunces generally, or those who are reputed dunces, would it not be well, if we who are professional men, would carefully set ourselves to consider whether it is not possible to devise a more rational mode of treating these different classes? It is true we may be goaded and annoyed by ignorant parents, who expect all children to make equal progress. But there are considerations superior to temporary gain, of which we ought never to lose sight. Why does a skilful physician so carefully study the diagnostics of any disease as it may be exhibited in the cases of his patients? He does so to meet the case fairly, to maintain his professional skill and credit; and he is actuated by the higher motives of humanity and kindness. These principles and feelings should induce us to rise superior to temporary advantage, to be above the influence of unreasonable and ignorant parents, to study our profession, and make our duty the pole star to which our exertions should be directed. We will thereby be benefactors of our species, we will rise in our respective spheres, and we will enhance our profession in the estimation of society. Do not these reflections suggest that the classification of children labouring under natural and moral disqualifications is unadvisable and absurd? Is it not treating them cruelly and unjustly, to place them among competitors with whom they have no chance of success? What opinion would we entertain of a proposal to match cripples in a race with youths of sound limbs and strong sinews? It is impossible to calculate the extent of injury, physical and mental, thus inflicted. In the treatment of unfortunates—misnamed dunces—parents unhappily reverse the maxims they scrupulously adopt with the health of enervated and sickly children. A poor youth who cannot move beyond the speed of a tortoise, being encouraged for doing all that he is able to do, will exert his small energies to the utmost, and take a pleasure in his labour, when he is not taxed beyond his ability. What is it that renders the labour of a teacher so irksome, but the false position in which he is placed by such unnatural arrangements? Who can tell how many intellects have been marred by unskilful treatment? The error of the modern and improved system of education, is the enormous speed with which the youthful travellers are hurried forwards. We cannot make plants

and trees grow faster than Nature intends, consistently with their health and vigour.

It is well known that precocious talents in youth disappear in manhood; like those beautiful but evanescent flowers which spring puts forth, and which perish in spring. A remarkable case of this sort is recorded in the fifth volume of the Journal of Education of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge:—“We allude to Von Shonach's Memoir of Christian Henry Heinneken, who was born at Lubeck on 6th February 1721, and died 27th June 1725. His life, therefore, did not reach beyond the brief span of four years and nearly five months; yet within so short a career as this, the child exhibited such marvellous proofs of intellect and memory, that we should be tempted to doubt their possibility altogether, were not every incident corroborated by the testimony of parties of the very highest respectability. At the age of ten months young Heinneken began to speak; it was whilst he was looking at some prints, which he wished to have explained to him.

Whilst the explanation was giving, it was casually observed that the child watched the motions of the speaker's lips with a singular degree of earnestness; and then, though not without great exertion, he succeeded in repeating what had been said syllable by syllable. From that day forward his progress was most extraordinary: at the age of one year he was conversant with all the leading events in the five books of Moses; at thirteen months he had mastered the history of the Old Testament; and at fourteen the history of the New. By the month of September 1723, he had acquired so perfect a knowledge of ancient and modern history, as well as geography, that he could answer any question put to him, on circumstances connected with either of them, without a blunder. He now stored his memory with a host of Latin words; and in a short time was able to express himself with tolerable fluency in the language. No great time elapsed before he mastered French; and ere he had reached his third year he made himself thoroughly acquainted with the genealogies of the principal families in Europe. A considerable portion of his fourth year was consumed in travelling through Denmark, where his rare precocity was a theme of admiration with the whole court, amongst whom were the king and his son; and with them he entered into conversation, without betraying the slightest shyness. On his return to Lubeck he learned to write, which with him was the operation of a few days; but his brief and meteor-like course was on the wane; he gradually declined, and became worse as month succeeded month; and was at length released from his sufferings. His fragile frame of body exhibited a remarkable contrast with the unprecedented strength of his mind; and strong, indeed, it must have been to have withstood the ravages of frequent and severe indisposition. Nor is it less remarkable, that the child was not weaned from his nurse until a few months before his death; for he had a violent antipathy against every species of nourishment but milk.*

Who can imagine that the life of this learned infant was not sacrificed to the vanity and mismanagement of his inconsiderate parents? If, by a more rational treatment, the health of this child had been the chief solicitude of his parents, and his life had been prolonged, his story would be less marvellous indeed; but he might have benefited society by the matured development of his rare endowments. The same false estimate of talents is not unfrequently seen in the angry and disappointed feelings of parents exhibited at public examinations. “Why is my son not dux?” mutters a father, as he sees his son half-way down a class. He does not reflect that there can be only one dux at a time; and that a youth lower in station may carry away as much solid and useful learning as the highest scholar in the class. About sixty years ago, there were at the parish school of St Andrews two youths, who showed so little aptitude to learn, and who annoyed and irritated their master so much, that he dismissed them from school as incorrigible dunces. The boys were Thomas Chalmers and George Cook.* Will posterity award the unenviable honour of dunce to Dr Chalmers and Dr Cook, or to their teacher? When Sir Isaac Newton first went to school, he was a weakly child and a reputed dunce. Sir D. Brewster, in his Life of Newton, informs us that the dormant energies

* Dr George Cook died in 1845, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. He was author of two historical works, and for several years led one of the parties of the Scottish Church.

of the embryo philosopher were aroused into activity by one of his class-fellows giving him a violent blow in the stomach for sluggishness and inattention to his lessons. Newton determined to be revenged, and applied to his task with such diligence and success, that he speedily distanced his competitors. Instances of a similar kind might be plentifully gleaned from the biographies of eminent men, who in childhood were reputed dunces. Enough has been said to show that dunces are worthy of our special attention. Will my professional friends excuse me for suggesting that the offensive name Duncie should be discontinued? If we must mark this status, let us employ a more appropriate and scholastic epithet. I propose then to erase Duncie, and substitute *Under-graduate*.

MINUTENESS OF ANIMAL LIFE.

Take any drop of water from the stagnant pools around us, from our rivers, from our lakes, or from the vast ocean itself, and place it under your microscope; you will find therein countless living beings, moving in all directions with considerable swiftness, apparently gifted with sagacity, for they readily elude each other in the active dance they keep up; and since they never come into rude contact, obviously exercise volition and sensation in guiding their movements. Increase the power of your glasses, and you will soon perceive, inhabiting the same drop, other animals, compared to which the former were elephantine in their dimensions, equally vivacious and equally gifted. Exhaust the art of the optician, strain your eye to the utmost, until the aching sense refuses to perceive the little quivering movement that indicates the presence of life, and you will find that you have not exhausted nature in the descending scale. Perfect as our optical instruments now are, we need not be long in convincing ourselves that there are animals around us so small that, in all probability, human perseverance will fail in enabling us accurately to detect their forms, much less fully to understand their organisation! Vain, indeed, would it be to attempt by words to give anything like a definite notion of the minuteness of some of these multitudinous races. Let me ask the reader to divide an inch into 22,000 parts, and appreciate mentally the value of each division: having done so, and not till then, shall we have a standard sufficiently minute to enable us to measure microscopic beings. Neither is it easy to give the student of nature, who has not accurately investigated the subject for himself, adequate conceptions relative to the numbers in which the infusoria sometimes crowd the waters they frequent; but let him take his microscope, and the means of making a rough estimate at least are easily at his disposal. He will soon perceive that the animalcule inhabitants of a drop of putrid water, possessing, as many of them do, dimensions not larger than the 1-2000th part of a line, swim so close together, that the intervals separating them are not greater than their own bodies. The matter, therefore, becomes a question for arithmetic to solve, and we will pause to make the calculation. The *Monas termo*, for example—a creature that might be pardonably regarded as an embodiment of the mathematical point, almost literally without either length, or breadth, or thickness—has been calculated to measure about the 22,000th part of an inch in its transverse diameter; and in water taken from the surface of many putrid infusions, they are crowded as closely as we have stated above. We may therefore safely say, that, swimming at ordinary distances apart, 10,000 of them would be contained in a linear space one inch in length, and consequently a cubic inch of such water will thus contain more living and active organised beings than there are human inhabitants upon the whole surface of this globe!—*Ryder Jones*.

INFLUENCE OF PATERNAL FAME.

The son of a celebrated man enters upon his career crushed rather than supported by the name which he bears. His earliest efforts, which would be judged of with indulgence if they proceeded from a new man, are found unworthy of the brilliant renown of the name under which they are brought forward. Like a planet which is too near the sun, he cannot sufficiently divest himself of the rays of the paternal glory, to shine by his own light; he is discouraged, and too often contents himself with the borrowed splendour he derives from this source.—*Professor Macneir*.

'HATEFUL SPRING!'

[FROM THE 'CHANSONS' OF BERANGER.]

ALL the winter, from my window,
Have I watched a damsel fair;
Loving, though we both were strangers,
Sending kisses through the air.
Gazing through her leafless lattice,
Every day did pleasure bring:
Now green boughs the lattice shadow—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

In that thick and verdant cover
The sweet graceful form is lost
Which I daily saw there, throwing
Food to poor birds through the frost;
Those dear warblers were the signal
Of our love's awakening:
Snow of all things is most lovely—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

But for thee I still might see her
Rising fresh from sweet repose,
Rosy, as when young Aurora
Dawn's gray curtains does unclose;
And I still might say at even,
When her lamp is vanishing,
'Now my star has set—she slumbers'—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

How my fond heart prays for winter!
How I long to hear again
Sleet and hailstones lightly beating
Music on the window pane.
Flowers and zephyrs, summer evenings,
Unto me no joy can bring,
Since I see my love no longer—
Why return'st thou, hateful spring?

D. M. M.

ECONOMY IN KNOWLEDGE.

Old-fashioned economists will tell you never to pass an old nail, or an old horse-shoe, or buckle, or even a pin, without taking it up; because although you may not want it now, you will find a use for it some time or other. I say the same thing to you with regard to knowledge. However useless it may appear to you at the moment, seize upon all that is fairly within your reach; for there is not a fact within the whole circle of human observation, nor even a fugitive anecdote that you read in a newspaper or hear in conversation, that will not come in play some time or other: and occasions will arise when they will, involuntarily, present their dim shadows in the train of your thinking and reasoning, as belonging to that train, and you will regret that you cannot recall them more distinctly.—*William Wirt*.

PECULIARITY OF TALENT.

Every system of teaching must be defective which has no reference to the characteristic talent of the scholar, who, though he may be a dunce in classics, and slow of recollection, may possess a turn of mind which will one day lead him to great discoveries, and rank its possessor amongst the most eminent of mankind. Supposing Newton had neglected those pursuits for which he was so fitted, and had applied himself to poetry; instead of developing the law of gravitation, elucidating Optics, and composing the *Principia*, he might have been the writer of rhymes and verses unfit even for the public eye. He would have been acting in opposition to nature, and not perceiving the source of his strength, might have exhausted his diligence ineffectually. Let your studies, then, be in relation to the mind, unless you would prefer irksome toil to pleasant labour, a scanty produce to a teeming harvest. Many are the instances of men of genius persisting in their favourite occupation, in spite of the opposition and censures of their friends: and they were right, for they well knew the seat of their power, and saw what no one could see besides them. The father of Pascal denied him Euclid, but he could not prevent him being a mathematician.—*W. F. Barlow*.

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